

that he could not sleep when bedtime came, and was discovered one night trying to climb the bureau; for what purpose was not known, unless to get in walking trim for the next day's mowing.

And when it came to raking and 'tumbling,' he was on hand with the little pitchfork which had been found for him, and Charlie could make as good a tumble as any man on the hay-field, although it took all his pluck to attack the windrows in which the hay was heaviest.

There was one thing that he always disliked, though he never shirked it, and that was riding to the field on the hay-rack. It was all right until the waggon turned into the meadow and began to bob and bump over the rough ground. Then began his troubles. Every hummock over which the wheels passed would throw him up in the air with a bounce like a rubber ball.

And when the horses were put into a trot, so that the hay might be gotten in before the thunder-storm came up, and the pitchforks rattled and tossed about in the bottom of the waggon, the shaking-up he endured was enough to turn him to jelly, if he had not been so tough,—to say nothing of the danger of pitching overboard,—while the men laughed aloud at his unwilling antics. He was more than repaid for this, though, in riding back on top of the load, after having raked after so clean that not a handful of hay was left behind.

When the load went rumbling into the barn his services usually ceased, except such little matters as running to the well for a pail of fresh water for the men.

But one day Charlie pleaded so hard with his uncle to be allowed to help 'mow away,' which means to stand in the haw-mow and stow the hay away as it is thrown up from the load, that he finally won his consent, and Charlie clambered up on the mow with his pitchfork and made ready for duty. Proud that at last he was allowed to do what only the men had done before, he waited for the first throw.

How it did come piling up on him under the vigorous unloading of Uncle Kent—great forkfuls, heavy and dusty, and how hot it was up here where no breath of air came! Would the load never be off?

Faster and faster it came. Charlie could hardly get one forkful out of the way before another was waiting. At last, as he was struggling

to pull his fork out of some that he had stowed away with great effort, a big forkful came upon him unawares which knocked him over and buried him up completely.

Nearly smothered, he worked his way out, thinking that he should have to call out a surrender; but great was his relief to find that this was the last forkful and that the rack was empty.

'Well, how do you like mowing away?' said his uncle, as he came sliding down from the mow, covered with dust, his cheeks aflame and his arms and legs trembling with the exertion.

'Oh, pretty well,' said Charlie; but he never asked to mow away again.—John W. Buckham in the 'Youth's Companion.'

God's Baby.

'Can I have this new baby, Master Wilfred?' asked the nurse. That is the way nurses have of pretending to beg or borrow babies. Jane did not really mean to take the baby, but Wilfred thought she did. In fact, he was so tickled himself at having a new baby in the house that he was not surprised at anybody wanting it.

'Oh, no,' he said, very earnestly, 'you can't have it, Jane, not for anything.'

'Why not, Master Wilfred? Your mother and father have you to love; what do they want with another boy? You might give me this one.'

'I couldn't give him to you,' Wilfred said, gravely, 'cause he isn't mine; he is God's baby.'

'Indeed!' cried the nurse, looking with awe at the little pink thing in her lap, wrapped in flannel and lace.

'Yes,' Wilfred went on; 'mother told me that he came from God, and that some day, when he is a big man, may be God will say, "Come, John Lewis Patton, you've been long enough on earth; I want you back home now."'

'Well, to be sure!' cried nurse again; she had never thought about that.

'And mother says, too,' Wilfred went on, 'that God would be very angry if we didn't take good care of his baby. We've got to teach him to do right, and not let him hear any bad words or learn to tell stories. If I get mad, or anything like that, I must hide away, so Johnny won't see me, 'cause God might ask me about him, you know, like he did Cain when he killed Abel. Do

you know about Cain and Abel, Jane?'

'What about them, honey?'

'Why, Abel was God's little boy, and Cain got mad at him and killed him; and God was angry with Cain for doing it. So, then, we'd better be good to God's baby. Mother says God loves him more than she does or father does; more than she loves me,' added Wilfred, with emphasis.—'Christian Observer.'

The Homes He Visits.

A little girl went on an errand to an elegant house. The lady was proud of her home, and she showed Jennie the carpets, ornaments and flowers, and asked, 'Don't you think these things are lovely?'

'They are pretty,' said Jennie. 'What a beautiful home for Jesus to visit! Does he ever come here?'

'Why, no,' said the lady.

'Don't you ever ask him?' asked Jennie. 'We have only a room and a bedroom, and we have no carpets or pretty things; but Jesus comes and makes us very happy.'

The lady told her husband what Jennie had said, and he replied: 'I have often thought that we ought to thank God for his goodness, and ask him to come and live with us.'

They became Christians, and Jesus came to live with them and made them happy. Jesus blesses every home to which he comes.—'Little Learners' Paper.'

Something Unusual.

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his
toys,

Upon the nursery floor;
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.

He couldn't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open
gate

And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it
And hidden it away;
Or else perhaps he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.

And then mamma came down the
stairs,

Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before.
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy
red,

Astonished was his face.
He couldn't find his cap—because
'Twas in its proper place!
—Emma Endicott Mearns in the
'Youth's Companion.'